

sick puppy comix #8

RABID PUBLISHING... PO BOX 93 PADDINGTON NSW 2021 AUSTRALIA email: stratu@start.com.au — www.fcorp.com.au/sickpuppy



"Hell Is Other People." - Jean-Paul Sartre









Welcome one and all, to the latest episode of the sordid little ink orgy we kinda like to call Sick Puppy Comix. This issue has probably been the toughest mother to get together yet, mostly due to certain slack-arsed contributors dicking around getting their stuff in, along with a few who just didn't even show. By the way, I'm just being a whining, ungrateful fucker here, however, the reason being that nobody is getting paid for this and I should feel wildly honoured that anybody actually takes the time to draw and send me contributions in the first place (which I am, believe mel). And besides, I've been doing this anthology thing long enough to be fully aware of just what an insane juggling act it all is. So, uh, I'll just shut up about the, uh, lateness thing now, ok...

In this half of the issue, I'm especially proud to introduce to you the work of Tung, whose 'Dex' series has been the comix discovery for me of late (see review in this issue...). Also debuting in these pages you will find comix by Ben Hutchings (seek out his truly great comix "You Stink And I Don't", "Buckets Of Bile" and "Dragonhurter") and Miss Maria whose debut mini "Who Does She Think She Is?" is plugged in the comix/zine review pages.

When you put these fresh-smelling newcomers together with the rotting, funkified Sick Puppy regulars, I'm sure you'll all agree - it's a winning combination!

-stratu- July 1998

HUMAN BON BON SIDE

Cover by David Puckeridge 2 - This is it, freakazoid? 3 - "Summer With Philip" by Chris Mikul 4-5 - "Mobile Rice" by Ryan Vella 6 - Three Strips by Glenn Smith 7 - "My First Pen Pai" by Tung (from Dex #7) 8 - "Music Can Make You Bugfuck" by Gerard Ashworth 9 - "A Message From The Careless Wanker" by Jes O'Vomitguts 10 - "Shit Pete In Wonderland" by Stratu and Ryan Vella 11 - "Fred Basstet" by Tung 12 - "Savage Gordon" by Glenn Smith 13-15 - Louise Graber's Black Light Angels 16 - Little Dickeyes In.., "One Nation" by Mandy Ord 17 - "The Meaning Of Life" by Miss Maria 18 - "Sing Me A Rainbow" by Ben Hutchings 19 - Violence Against Music - reviews by Steve Carter 20 - Shit Pete, Kurt Hurt, Will Kill and Sick Rick by Ryan Yella 21 - Mannhelm Jerkoff's Porn Paradise Centrefold Atrocity by Steve Carter & Antoinette Rydyr

THIS ISSUE IS DEDICATED TO SVERRE H KRISTENSEN FOR HIS UNIQUELY COURAGEOUS AND SINGLE-MINDED CONTRIBUTION TO THE WORLD OF EXTREME UNDERGROUND PUBLISHING. HE WILL BE MISSED.

SICK PUPPY COMIX #8. JULY 1998. FIRST PRINTING. PUBLISHED BY BABID PUBLISHING, PRINT RUN: 250. ALL CONTENTS COPYRIGHT (2) OF THEIR RESPECTIVE CREATORS/AUTHORS, FOR PURELY LEGAL REASONS, JUST LET ME STATE THAT ALL CONCEPTS AND OPINIONS EXPRESSED IN THIS ISSUE ARE NOT NECESSARILYTHOSE OF THE PUBLISHER. SEND ALL CORRESPONDENCE, SUBMISSIONS, PROMOTIONAL ITEMS AND NUDE PHOTOS OF YOUR LITTLE SISTER TO SICK PUPPY COMIX C/- RABID PUBLISHING PO BOX 93 PADDINGTON NSW 2021 AUSTRALIA OR EMAIL. STRATUGESTAT.COM. BUT

SUMMER WITH PHILIP

WHEN I WAS 12 I WENT TO STAY AT MY FRIEND PHILIP'S PARENT'S HOUSE IN THE COUNTRY





PHILIP'S DAD WAS A CHEMIST AND THERE WERE A LOT OF MEDICAL BOOKS IN THE HOUSE.

PHILIP'S FAVOURITE WAS A BOOK CALLED 'SICK CHILDREN' FULL OF PICTURES OF , WELL , SICK CHILDREN

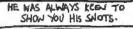


HE WAS REAL PROUD OF HIS FART TAPE. HE KEPT A TAPE RECORDER BY HIS BED READY! FOR WHEN





HE ENJOYED TORTURING SUAILS. HE'D PULL THEM RIGHT OUT OF THEIR SHELLS AND WAVE THEIR GUTS AROUND.





ONE NIGHT WHEN HIS PARENTS WERE OUT WE RAIDED THE LIBUOR CABINET.





PHILIP GOT DRUNK ON CREME DE MENTINE WHEN HIS PARENTS GOT BACK HIS MUM WENT TO PICK HIM UP AUD HE VOMITED GREBS ONTO HER.

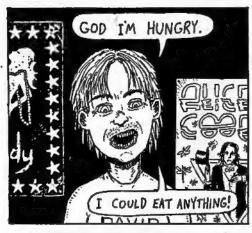
PHILIP WENT TO LIVE INTERSTATE AFTER THAT AND I DIDN'T SEE HIM AGAIN, BUT HE DID SEND ME A MEMENTO OF MY VISIT:



A PLASTIC PILL CONTAINER FILLED WITH FINGER AND TOENFUL CLIPPINGS

Mobile Rice







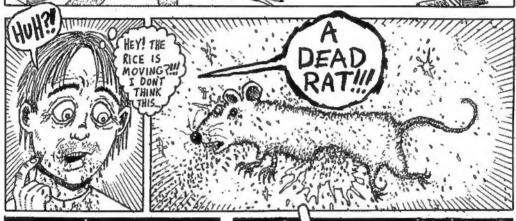






















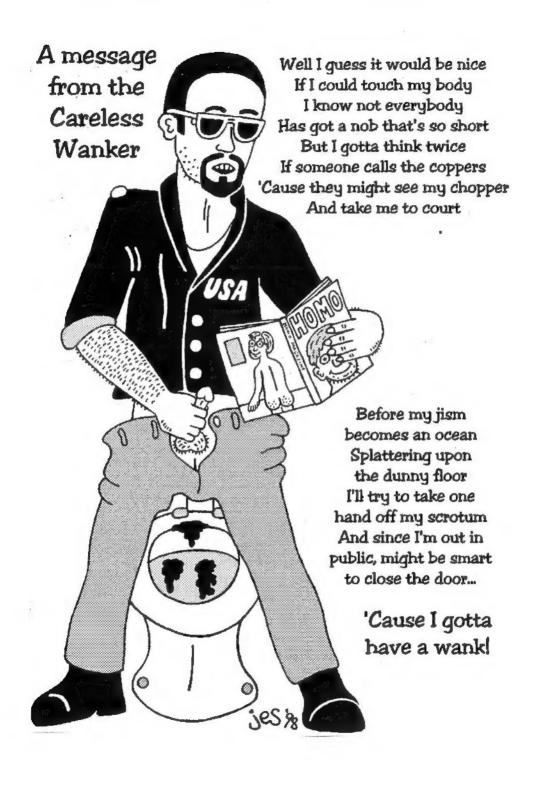










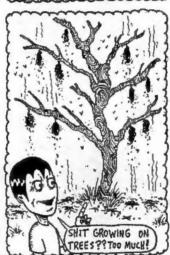


































































DEXT 2550C.

These two guys meet up with "Santas Lel Helper "and form:
The Three Muth kehers!

(They fight end, and sans an others butts)



KILL EM GODY LET ALL SORT 'EN OUT ".

Louise Graber's BLACK LIGHT ANGELS























































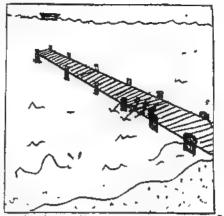








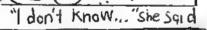




what we are an area of life.



asked the fisherman of his wife







"you went know till yer dead" & chapted him 2 bits with a knife.



UIOLEDCE AGAIDST MUSIC

reviews by Steve Carter

P16 D4: "Acrid Acme"

P16 D4 are one of the most extreme of the German avant gardenoise surgeons to emerge out of the new wave era. Typical of their work, "Acrid Acme" is a relentlessly quirky and bizarre excursion into the surrealistic excesses of musique concrete, electronic improvisation and sound manipulation.

One track actually consists of two vinyl copies of one of their previous LPs being manipulated and processed on two turntables simultaneously. It is reduced to an abstract obscurity of cut-up noises that barely resembles the original work.

The closing piece is a 19 manutes plus extravaganza of improvised electronic weirdness that has been maxed, remixed and processed in collaboration with *Japanolse* pioneer Merzbow.

P16 D4's brand of noise music is so far out that it often defies categorisation or description.

BLUE CHEER: "Vincebus Eruptum" (re-Issue)

This is Blue Cheer's first LP and it is not only completely different to everything else the band has ever produced, it is also profoundly removed from anything else of its era. It was originally released in the mid-tate '60s.

The music is essentially a violent hybrid of hard rock and primitive heavy metal with a punk/new wave edge that is way ahead of its time. The vocals are wretched screeches and the guitar work, far in excess of Jimi Hendrix but nowhere near as articulate or artiul, borders on free-form noise improvisation. It screams like a thousand possessed devils and has to be heard to be believed.

Blues and rock and roll classics "Rock Me Baby", "Summertine Blues" and "Parchment Farm" are literally ravaged and butchered. The violence of this primitive and impressionistic music is driven by thunderous drumming.

"Vincebus Eruptum" was absolutely despised by the hippie generation and even many of today's grunge freaks find it hard to cope with.

COSMIC JOKERS: "Galactic Supermarket" (re-Issue)

White sometimes not quite as extreme as the straight out avant garde, the Krautrock and German psychedetic bands were certainly experimental and exotic. They were not bound by the commercial constraints of many of their British or American counterparts and drew their inspiration chiefly from the avant garde (Stockhausen, Berlo, etc) and the more experimental of their overseas contemporaries, such as Frank Zappa, early Pink Floyd and Soft Machine, etc. Elements from the mainstream of rock and roll, pop, folk, blues and soul only surfaced in their music in a more obscure and oblique way

The prominent features of German psychedella (aka Psi fi) and Krautrock are: extended and meandering free-rock improvisation, lengthy guitar solos; the juxtaposing of seemingly conflicting musical styles, rhythms and concepts; a heavy

reliance on elaborate studio effects and finally the techniques of musique concrete and noise improvisation.

Among the most renowned proponents of this peculiar style of music are Faust, Can, Ash Ra Tempel, Guru Guru, Gila, Amon Duul 2, Neu, Brainticket, Agitation Free, etc. Their brand of avant-rock was unique and it played no small part in the evolution of new wave, which emerged a short time later

Some of the most impressive examples of Krautrock's psychedella are found in the Cosmic Joker's CDs, of which "Galactic Supermarket" is the second. It is pretty indicative of the others as it weaves, flows and twists in and out of the fantastic reaims of space-rock, Krautrock and acid electronics. There are moments when the music becomes so heavily drenched in lavish studio effects that rather than enhancing the music, the effects literally become the music.

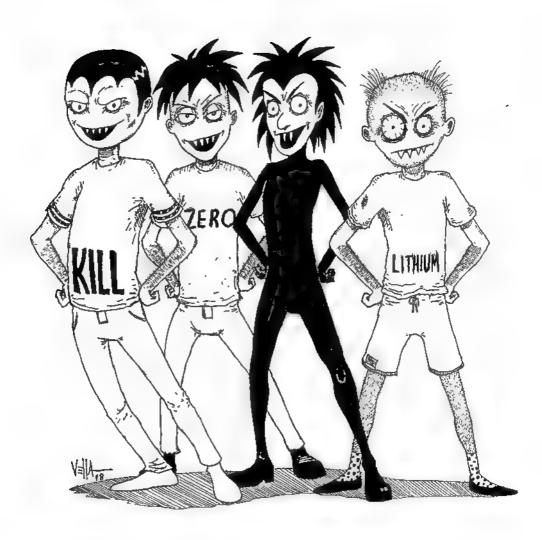
All of the Cosmic Joker's CDs are beautifully produced excursions into cosmic acid rock. They are a collection of mentages composed from various experiments and jams featuring musicians from Ash Ra Tempel and Wallenstein and are so tripped-out, they make the regular batch of spacerockers sound as if they never got off the ground.

CHROME: "Alien Soundtracks/Half Machine Lip Moves" (reissue)

Chrome was one of America's first and most experimental new wave bands, merging punk, psychedella, metal and the avant garde into a highly abrasive and original concoction of relentless rhythm and noise. At the time their sound was likened to Hawkwind played by the Manson Family. But Chrome was not so much about death and negativity as its primary interests lay in sonic experimentation and undiluted creativity. It was the brainchald of eccentric and very capable sound engineer Damon Edge and the erratic, innovative but largely underrated guitarist Helios Creed (Barry Johnston).

Though little known, Chrome turned out to be both ahead of their time and considerably influential. Echoes of the essential Chrome sound reverberated all the way down to the *industrial dance* music of the late 1980s and 1990s with its stark power rhythms augmented by sampling and distorted vocats; and also to the latter *metal* scene among bands such as Sodom, Napalm Death, etc., with their relentless heavy rifting, growling vocals and aggressive guidar washes.

"Alien Soundtracks" and "Half Machine Lip Moves" are two classic Chrome LPs on one CD. They are less refined than later works by the band yet full of imagination and energy. Strangely, amidst the cacophory there is a startling degree of structural intricacy. The music itself regularly shifts from spaced-out punkwave, layered with dense guitar washes of astounding intensity, to jaring episodes of noise montage, groaning machine overload—all of it colliding in some of the most chaotic, though very dynamic, mixdowns of all time.



MANNHEIM JERKOFF'S -PORN PARADISE-

Our illustrious leader STRATU (May Setan curse his name and damn him for eternity) accosted me with wildness wide unblinking eyes. He grabbed a fistful of shirt, leaned in uncomfortably close (he trod on my foot), stabbed me with his finger and spluttered - "You gotts write about sweet, tender little girlies getting erasfucked like cheap whores!!". As I wiped his spittle from my face, I assured him that more porn revises would be forthorning...

MALE THAT IS NOT THE REAL PROPERTY.

There's a shitload of these and it's mostly Max - a sweaty, balding degenerate with an unhealthy pallor cramming his hot pink cock repeatedly into some young girl's shitter, stretching them wide open, gobbing dollops of spit into their gaping orifice (be it arsehole or mouth), then looking to the camera for approval.

Max might be a pig but he does get cute young things to perform completely degrading sex stunts. Softcocks criticise Max for being too rough, as sometimes a fresh-faced teeny will blanch at the prospect of guzzling jizs. Max simply grabs the back of their head and rams it on the vinegar stroke. A tender moment of being sexually overwhelmed, consumed with passion or a deprayed, vile animal whose lust manifests itself with no regard for an innocent's miscivings?

And if that's not enough, the European versions feature pissing and fisting which is cut from the US releases.

RODNEY MOORE - CRÈME DE LA FACE

There's about 20 of these. Rodney is a gangly, ugly fucker with fishbelly white skin. His claim to fame is that he shoots a sizeable wad (though to his audience of overmilked compulsory masturbators, anything that's more than a dribble of watery mucus is a gusher). Rodney's a bit of a hit or miss. A hit if the girl is pretty (like one regular - Madia Nice - who's hailed as 'the queen of cream'. She is gorgeous, elegant and her Dravidian good looks, gentle mannersims and perfect body belie a jizz guzzler par excellence), but if the girl is plain (and they often are) then it's simply reduced to two ugly people having sex. And nobody wants to be subjected to that!

TOKYO AMATEURS VOL 1

When you've seen as much porn as I have, you're in a pratty good position to judge and compare various sexual techniques. Taking this into consideration, I must declare that I've discovered what has to be the world's greatest cocksucker.

Tokyo Amateurs is in 3 sections...

1 - A plain, skinny Jap scrag flashes her sex in a car and on the street in downtown Tokyo. It's a pretty gutsy effort but it's hard to get excited as she's nothing to look at...
2 - A gorgeous Jap bunny girl hostess finally allows a client to have his fun with her body. She's compliant but not overly enthusiastic...
3 - This is unbelievable. A cute Japanese doll in nurses outfit is the headjob grand mistress. Supine, limp Jap guy seems determined not to sustain an erection but his lack of enthusiasm is no match for the cocksucking frenzy this persistent little hoover has to impart. She sucks, slurps and nails her head onto his

phallus with a sustained, rapid-fire technique that is inexhaustable. Her mechanical intensity and expansion chamber mouth are a marvel to behold There's a desperation about her - she's determined to suckseed and is absolutely fixated and resolute that she get her dose of jizz.

Forget instructional videos on sexual technique - everything a girl must learn is portrayed here in 30 minutes of cocksucking mania.



EDUCATION OF THE BARONESS

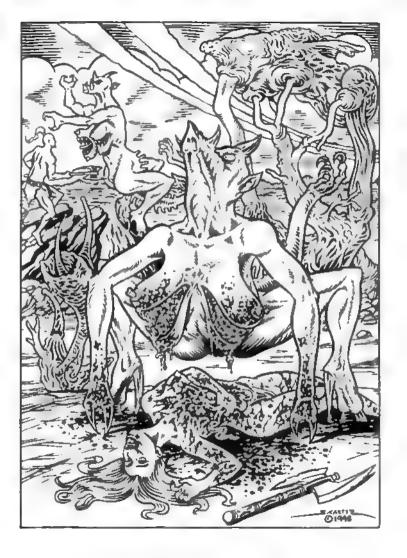
The word genius gets tossed about so often (especially in my presence) that it fails to carry much weight these days However BOTB is a work of inspired genius It's simply one of the finest pornographic films ever crafted.

An exquisitely palatial mansion is the setting for the baroness' ordeal as smooth talking comman and blind accordian playing sidekick conspire with the downtrodden maid to humiliate, violate and degrade the uppity, aristocratic lady of the house

She is stripped and eventually allowed to wear nothing but a maid's apron as she is ordered about, fondled, groped, sodomised, fingered and raped, much to her indignation They set up tasks and when she fails she is forced to perform acts of increasing degradation (to her great distress). When the baroness serves warm food, they heat it up by inserting morsels into her cunt.

The baron willingly subjugates himself before his chauffer and submits to a sadistic madam's torture, paralleling his wife's submission.

The subtext is that the inequality of class structures must be redressed. The soft, dull, naïve elite are fair prey for sharp witted opportunists to exploit, plus it's more fun to strip the upper classes of their lofty perches and haughty airs and graces, adding a dimension of titillating bemusement to their degradation Eventually both husband and wife are satisfied being reduced to sex toys for filthy perverts. The elits are rarely worthy of the priveleges they enough and this film seeks to reinforce a belief in universal justice







FOR MATURE READERS - \$2.50

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"The mark of any great artist is his willingness and ability to say what everyone else is afraid to even think. A myriad of contradictory thoughts, emotions and impulses floods our minds throughout the day, and especially the night. Most of us whisk them away, rationalise them, or outright suppress them.

The artist ensuares those thoughts and explores them fearlessly, no matter how ugly or unpleasant the process, no matter if anyone else understands, cares to understand, or in some cases, dares to understand. Notions of propriety safety, tact, gentility and "political correctness" must be tossed away underemoniously if one wishes to be a great artist. The subconscious is morally reprehensible. The id wants to fuck your mother and butcher your father. The id wants to sniff assholes. The id wants to rape and be raped. The id wants to eat flesh and I ck bodily secretions. The id wants to piss all over libelif and cry like a shit-encrusted infant, howling in naked fear as it stares at its own eventual deathly demise."

- Ivan Brunetti from "Schizo #1" (Antarctic Press 1994)









Welcome, trash afteronados one and all, to the latest instalment of the only comm anthology unafraid to proudly display its unapologene lack of any socially redeemable values whatsoever.

There's been some noteworthy developments since the last issue, not least of which is the creation of the Sick Puppy Comix website (to be found at the address at the top of this page) (It must be said here that I have my younger and far more technology literate brother to thank for this micro-chipped leap. Thanks bro, but sorry - you're an accessory now - I guess you'll be joining us al. in hell. Hall On the website you will find selected contents from back issues of Sick Puppy, along with never-before-seen bits and pieces, like Ryan Vella's rejected cover (he rejected it, not mell from SP#5 and the very first Shit Pete strip which appeared in Gristle Petri #4. There's also links to other sites worthy of your attention.

in other big news, I've just recently produced a bunch of Sick Puppy Comix t-shirts - you can check out the design elsewhere in this issue. The fact of the matter is, I haven't taken mine off since I got these beauties printed up, but thus is no place to go into my personal hygiene habits (or lack thereof...), so I'll wind this up by saying enjoy the issue folks—even drop us a line and you may see your letter printed in our brand spankin' new letters column! (Phewi I can finally stop moaning and bellyaching about that one!)

-stratu- July 1998

JURASSIC PUPPY SIDE

Cover by Antoinette Rydyr
2 — This is it, creepazoid!
3-5 — "Silm Tombstone" by Ross Tesoriero
6-9 — "Spakki the Space Siren" by Steve Carter and Antoinette Rydyr
10-11 — "Septio-Matic Media Tragedy" by Gerard Ashworth
12 — Two Strips by Anton Emdin
13 — Kurt Hurt in... "Trash Crisis!" by Stratu
14 — Fartsack and Lardgutz by Steve Carter and Antoinette Rydyr
15 — Incentives To Part With Some Hard-Earned Clams
16 — "Bitch is Beautiful" by Tung
17 — The Sick Puppy Ki-Fi - album reviews by Stratu and Ross Tasoriero
18 — Mailbag - Love letters (and otherwise) from satisfied readers like yourself,
19 — "Tantric Foreplay 2" by Paul Rowe
20 — Have Xerox... Will Publish! - comix and zine reviews by Stratu
Centrefold Atrockty by Steve Carter & Antoinette Rydyr

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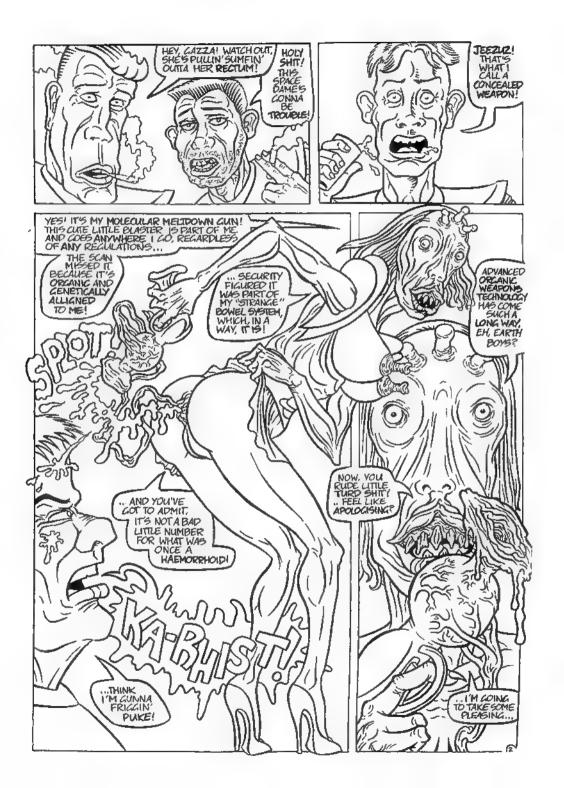
















~ SEPTIC-MATIC NEDIA TRADGEDY-OFF, MARY-DON'T YOU WEEP! 2_GAMMONIA



OUT THERE WITH

CALORIE CARDIAL LBY-PASS BRAINS

-ALL LAID IN GRUM TONES. HERES THE LO

























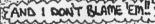
ITTLE GIRLS HAVING ABORTIONS ... MATRICIDE. PEDOPHILIA TAKEN TO A RIDICULOUS (YET STILL SATIRICAL) EXTREME...



HOW CAN I POSSIBLY JUSTIFY PUBLISHING THIS EVILTRASH?



TIT'S NO WONDER CERTAIN PEOPLE AT WORK STOPPED TALKING TO ME AFTER I SHOWED 'E'M THIS ...





IT'S NOT AS IF THERE ISN'T ENOUGH EVIL, FUCKED UP SHIT GOING DOWN IN THE WORLD WITHOUT ME CONTRI-BUTING TO IT!



IN AS AN EIGHT MONTH OLD BABY GIRL WAS ANALLY RAPED HER MOTHER











"PSST!! WANNA BUY A T-SHIRT??"

That's right folks! The long line of fine Sick Puppy merchandise starts right here with this deluxe black t-shirt featuring a detail from Neale Blanden's awesome cover from SP#3.

- Sizes S. M. L and XL -

"wow!! only... \$25 (Dostuald)"

Be the envy of your friends and contribute to me quitting my shitty day fob at the same time!!

BACK ISSUES

If you've just recently stumbled into our sordid little ink orgy, you may very well want to catch up on what you've been missing. Well you're in luck pal, hecause ALL hack issues are still available.

Sick Puppy #1 to 6.__\$2.00 each plus \$1.00 postage

Sick Puppy #7____\$2.50 plus \$1.00 postage

SUBSCRIPTIONS

The best way to make sure you get your regular fix of Sick Puppy is to sort yourself out with a subscription.
\$10.00 (postpaid) gets you the next FOUR issues malled direct to you just nominate which number you want your sub to begin with.
The sweetest part of this deal, of course, is that YOU don't pay for postage!! As Eric Cartman would say_"Sweeeeet!!"

ORDERING INFO: SEND CASH, CHEQUE OR MONEY ORDER ICHOS & M/OS PAYABLE TO RABID PUBLISHING)
TO SICK PUPPY COMIX C/- RABID PUBLISHING PO BOX 93 PADDINGTON HSW 2021

BITCH

is Beadleof.





CANNIGAL CORPSE 'GALLERY O SUICIDE' (Metal Blade thru Shock)

If you've yet to discover the cathartic pleasures of death metal, Cannibal Corpse's new album is your tdeal entry point. Here they continue the blood drenched carnage with 14 tracks guaranteed to turn your world into some sort of sonic version of every gore film you've ever seen. Crank this one up, louder and louder, gleefully aware that your neighbours are cowering in pissing terror, then revel in the relentless bloodbath to follow.

DARK FUNERAL 'VOBISCUM SATANAS' (No Fashion)

Arguably Sweden's most evil and satanic black metal band, Dark Funeral are known to perform live dripping with blood and bookended on stage by pig's heads nailed to poles. Their music is saturated with malevolence and demonic evil, florcely rushing along at a terrifying velocity, sweeping you helplessly into it's infinitely black soul. This music is irresistibly compelling, not only for the sheer intensity, it also forces you to wonder just what the hell these guys are like in real life. If you are able, check out the photo of these psychos on the Sick Puppy website).

CRADLE OF FILTH 'CRUELTY AND THE BEAST' (Music For Nations thru Shock)

The Sick Puppy CD art award of the issue goes to these British black metallers. A gorgeous, raven haired beauty gazes up at you from a bathtub filled with blood. with more darkly alluring images of her in the booklet. There's also descriptions of the band members... "This libertine (Lecter) priest. 2.0 æ. cataloguing sordid confessions from his flock before showering his seed into their cold dead eyes. Another of his manias is to have a naked nun sit astride a large crucifix whereupon he plunges his priesthood into her cunt up to the hilt; his thrusts making her clitoris grind upon christ's beard." And the music? Theatrical, operatic, orchestral, frequent high velocity passages. Combined with the excellent booklet and cover art. I'm inclined to name this one album of the issue.



STRAPPING YOUNG LAD 'LIVE IN AUSTRALIA - NO SLEEP 'TILL BEDTIME' (CENTURY MEDIA)

Exploding into my world with the utterly monstrous devastation of a stick of dynamite in a fishbowl, this album is just awesome. Recorded live in Melbourne last year, this disc kicks off with the ominous chanting of "Velvet Kevorkian" which abruptly gives way to "All Hall The New Flesh" and like the title suggests, a worthy soundirack to 8 ffesh-rending Cenobite party. more bone-7 shattering tracks follow and only one is a dud (the long, anti-citmactic "Contipode"). Taking the genre of metal to outrageous, inspired new extremes, you would do well to check this one out REAL soon.

FIRESTARTER sampler (Century Black - Century Media)

For a sampling of what's happening in the Christ-raping world of European black metal, this budget priced CD is a pretty good place to start. Of the church-burning, baby-eating, pea-soup spewing Satanic flends represented here, highlights include Emperor, Borknagar, Rotting Christ, Maytiem, Ulver and Sacramentum, Jam this one into your machine, crank it up and run around your house, deliriousty flailing your skinny arms and screaming stuff out backwards. feeling truly EVIL. -YUB SIHT MUBLA! PIHSROW NATAS!! OG HTROF DNA LLIK!!!—

JAWBREAKER 'DEAR YOU' (DGC)

Sick Puppy veterans will be well aware that my music tastes don't stop at death/black metal. These genres are merely manifestations 10 'aggressive' aspect of my textbook passive/aggressive personality. Arriving at the 'passive' aspect, this 3 year old album from US emocore kings fits the bill perfectly. Great sad, obsessive loser lyrics on top of crunchy, melodic and catchy as hell tunes - this album has been a permanent fixture in my machine over the fast couple months. It's a real shame that this band broke up (or so I've heard...). A great, great album.

FISTFUNK FUTURISTS 'Audiodada' (\$20 pp from PO Box 312 Greenacre NSW 2190 or \$30 at RED EVE, WATERFRONT and COLLECT RECORDS Parramatta)

Buried beneath a cover drowning in '60s Op Art is the first audio release by Sick Puppy's Steve Carter and Antoinette Rydyr. Three considerably lengthy tracks span over 73 minutes experimental soundscapes. "Insaniac" swarms like microscopic nature amplified with the songs of metallic insects and the voices of inhabitants of an atmosphere much denser and alien than OFFICE. "Audiodada" screams like a heavy piece of machinery pumping the ocean against a shore of fron filings while the textures of coarse metal scrape past your eardrums and playfut electrodes giggle like children. I haven't heard machine music as monstrously industrial as the opening of "Quasar Piranha" since I worked in a plastice factory, the grunt is followed by a strange orchestra of bubbling cosmic warbles of sci-fi plasma alongside faulty robotic transmitters and subhuman throat clearing. A strange voyage to the centre of schizophrenia, you probably shouldn't swim for 30 minutes after listening to this.

reviewed by R Tesoriero

PEFLED HEARTS PASTE (Dual Piover-PO Box 983 Darlinghurst NSW 2010)
Beastly and unsympathetic to our aural senses, this CD distorts and twitches like a tortured electro-beast in the seedlest of dungeons, however it's most intriguing moments are those of subtlety and minimalism such as "Dead And Dying Animals", in which the atmosphere lingers rather than assaults. "Dull Day Atternoor" was the highlight for me, a splendid applicasy" sounds like the derailing of a train. Uneasy listening.

reviewed by Ross Tesoriero



Following a whole lot of mouning and promises on my part, there, finally, is the Sick Puppy mailing. What really clinched the deal is this opening rant I received recently from Phil (of Shaff's Big Score zine). While I cartainty don't agree with everything he says, his straight-shootin' approach sure is welcome around here. I'm hoping his rant will provoke some responses, to be printed next lessue...

Phil Reakes Bexley NSW

1998 has rolled around, and it still seems that the comic buying public is only interested in derivative tales of airbrushed breasts and pacts with the devil. In these dark times the only mass-distributed stuff worth reading is Platinum Grit, Greener Pastures and Joey & Bucky, and of these only Platinum Grit really has any hope of paying for its own printing costs. With the economic situation so dire, zines, minis, photocopied comics and anthologies have become the basic vehicles for delivery for most Australian comics of quality. Now in it's eighth issue, Sick Puppy is vital to the Australian comics scene, both as a showcase for talented newcomers and as a creative space for established artists. Why then, when it is so difficult for comics of substance to reach an audience, is Sick Puppy still devoting almost half of its pages to puerile Viz rip-offs and crude drawings of tits 'n' dicks?

I'm sure you all know who I'm referring to, but as I am a cruel man by nature, I shall name names... Everything Sick Puppy has published by Steve Carter and Antoinette Rydyr is pointless crap, and conjures up images of giggling kids drawing cartoon penuses on the canteen wall after school. The fact that they obviously possess artistic talent makes it all the more tragic that they waste their time churning out this mindless shite. Ditto last issue's "True Advise From A Ragin' Pedophile" by Mongrel. The "Travis" and "Death Is What You Want" stories are a bit better, but still don't really go anywhere. On the other hand, there have been plenty of excellent contributions that are not only sick, but are funny and/or intelligent as well. "Puppy Dog Eyes" by Anton Emdin, "Care Bears vs Aliens" by Q-Ray, "Shit Pete's Shit Christ" by Stratu and anything by Gerard Ashworth, Mandy Ord, Neale Blanden, Louise Graber, Rvan Vella and so forth.

There is just so much great stuff out there that I think it's quite possible to cull the dodgy material without compromising the "sickness" of the book. Sure, the loss of contributors might have an impact on the size or the regularity of Sick Puppy for 2 or 3 issues, but I'm confident that the book would be back on its feet soon

enough, better than ever. I'm sure Stratu is only hanging on to the crap so as not to offend his friends and contributors who have supported him and his book from day one. This is an understandable feeling, but it's keeping Such Puppy from developing into something much better. All it would take to set things straight would be an act of tactless bravery on Stratu's part. Perhaps he could use the excuse of a reader survey or increased circulation to justify cutting the dead wood. I'll wind up here, and leave you with the thought: "Why hasn't Gerard Ashworth written this rant already? We know he's thinking it!"

Please send comments on the above to Sick Puppy If you need to contact me personally for death threats/pats on the back, I can be reached c/o: 13 Byrnes St, Berley NSW 2207 or you can email me at. sbszine@hotmail.com

Ross Tesoriero Warriewood NSW

Nice comuld 59#7 - what a sicko - It just keeps getting better and better... Highlights for me were the Vomitguts strip; Care Bears vs Aliens (is Q-Ray really gonna do a sequel? [Nope, He was just pulling your stump, dude. - Stratu] I'd like to see Godzilla vs Strawberry Shortcake) - the scary thing about the strip is that I get the feeling that he did a lot of research in order to learn all their names and shit like that The strip by Paul Rowe is fantastic and Steve's centrefold and his in-depth music reviews were great... he writes really academic-like, you're right! Vella's mermaid strip's great and Anton's jism stuff... Yeah, I really got a lot out of this one... I was a little disappointed with Shit Pete Goes To Hell, no offence buddy, but in comparison to Shit Christ, Religion Is Shit and Xmas Chicken it suffers... Glenn's cover was both cute and fetishistic and Gerard's strip really drew me in but I thought he cut the story too short... I think all this anonymous paedophilia should come to a screeching halt. Sad Morgan was funny, but the whole point of doing something so offensive that you can't bring yourself to claim it is pretty yellow. I'm really neither for or against it, I just couldn't give a fuck.

David Stein San Francisco CA

It seems that the only place I can read *Sick Puppy* without getting raised eyebrows and condescending stares is on the crapper! (Which I must-say makes my morning routine all the more enjoyable!)

Glenn Sonith Penchurst NSW

I liked the come you cent me ISP#7). Sick Poppy is a goldown institution for fack—up: Some of that art is facked—up. This I respect.

So fucked. Some real immaturity or with maybe evil in regression...
This scarce one more. Old evil that has gone all scratchy and hored.

Scariest ocenario is that IVII live in this place another year.



"HAVE KEROK ... WILL PUBLISH!"

=== comix and zine reviews by stratu ===

More and more self-published stuff is appearing these days, which is just super, and here's the latest bunch that has found it's way into the felid depths of the Sick Puppy bunker. Be a sport and order at least one of these whydoncha? Sending money through the mail is safe (no matter what those sweaty, paranoid freaks tell ya), especially it it's a few measly bucks. Send discreetly concealed cash or, if sending coins, just sticky tape them to a piece of cardboard. Easy! Plus you'll be getting something in the mail (aside from that evil junk mail...) which is what it's all about, right?!

(Note: Most of these folks will trade for other self-published comb/zines of similar value. --'pp' (postpaid) after the price means postage is free.)

A 'E' before the title means you can check out this artist's work in this issue of Sick Puppy.

EDEX by Tung (now up to \$12 - send \$5 for 3 issues or \$10 for 10. Send orders via Sick Puppy Comix PO Box 93 Paddington NSW 2021)

The major discovery for me, combt-wise, since the last issue of SP has easily been Tung's ground breaking 'Dex' series. Tung is a young Vietnamese guy whose best work features brutally honest autobiographical comix, relating in unflinching detail everything from his quest to end his virginity to his unique, unorthodox masturbation technique. Without a doubt one of the most exciting things to happen to the combt scene in this country. Dex comes very highly recommended.

IN.LA.CK (Black Light Angels Comill) #5 by Louise Graber (A4 74 pages \$5 pp Louise Graber PO Box 84 Glebe NSW 2037)

If you want a tasty sampling of the small press comix scene in this country (aside from the highly esteemed Sick Puppy, of course...) this is fast becoming the title to pick up. As well as the latest instalment of Louise's cool, stylised ongoing story of Gothic band Krucifiction and their ghoulish grouples, this issue also includes work from Gerard Ashworth, Mandy Ord, David McDermott, Nikkl, Gienn Smith, Ryan Vella, along with 'vivisections' of Neale Blanden, Anton Emdin and Ryan Vella and a short essay on the small press scene by Michael Hill. Plus there's a stunning screen printed cover by Gienn Smith. It all adds up to make this one a must-have item!

ERADIATION SICKNESS - SLEEPING WITH THE ENTITY by Ross Tesoriero (A5 32 pages \$2 pp 14A Lakeview Parade Warriewood NSW 2102 or e-mail: rosst@byteserve.com.au)

Ross yet again employs his finely deranged sense of humour in order to offer potentially lucky freakazoids (like yourself) some more crazed, inky eyeball action. Check out some of the tantalisingly bizarre things he makes his characters say and do, then imagine how YOU would fare in similar situations. Also features contributions from Steve Carter and Antoinette Rydyr, Ekul Restof and comix anthology supremo Straffu.

IZISATANUS VOMITUS (A Collection of Exquisite Things Straight From the Depths of the Mind #3) by Ryan Vella (A5 40 pages \$3 pp Headspin Comics PO Box 6 Pleystowe QLD 4741)

Ryan serves up a collection of drawings from his sketchbook, featuring naked mutant chicks, gun-wielding aften bounty hunter types along with other disturbing, nightmarish images that lead me to believe that Ryan may be heavily involved in a Satanic drug cult. (Not that there's anything wrong with that). Also along for the ride are Neale Blanden, Louise Graber, Ross Tesoriero & Scott Pollard, David Puckeridge, Mick Wilson and Shelley Belveal. (Note: if you order this, also ask for SHOOTER- a (free) 12 page mini that relates the events leading up to the social demise of a superhero.)

ZILIMBO AUGUST #1 by Gerard Ashworth (A4 32 pages \$3 Radical Shelikh Graphics 7/70 Queenscliff Road Queenscliff NSW 2096)

You know it's time to switch that atrophied brain of yours on again when a new Ashworth book pulls into town, so grab yourself a jumbo jar of brain steroid pills and buckle in. The 'Umbo August' of the title is, in fact, Gerard's imaginary childhood friend, although he'll probably hate me for putting it that simply, and of course it's infinitely more complex than that. (It always is with Gerard...). As usual, there's no actual story or plot to speak of, just a 32 page vehicle for Gerard to once again open the safety valve to the surging, turnultous contents of his boiling brain. Recommended for the combit daredevils amongst you.

RABBITMAN #1 by Hamdi Abu-Zalaf and Aaron Tay (A5 40 pages \$2 Inked Ideas 47 Harrow Road Auburn NSW 2147)

You want hardboiled cops with lotsa guns duking it out with street psychos with (yep...) lotsa guns, delivered via blatant Jae Lee-styled art? Look no further, James Zero looks frighteningly similar to Beavis, while John Zero 'is able to shoot a single piece of dandruff off a person's head without cutting any hair or skin with his eyes closed." Look out, it's suspension of disbelief time again, it's wall-to-wall action here folks, inspired by Zero Assassin and image Comics. Rock on, dudes, Kiçk asst





B.L.A.C.K #5





VOMITUS

EXITHE SPAZMOS OF MOJO COUNTY by Steve Carter and Antiolnette Rydyr (A4 36pages \$5 pp Steve Carter's Comic Nastles Po Box 312 Greenacre NSW 2190)

Similar thematically to their "Tattoo Zoo" from SPII-4, SCAR's lafest self-published abomination tells the retentlessly nightmarsh tate of a greedy, evil couple who run the Mojo County orphanage. Behind this seemingly benevolent façade, healthy orphans are slowly and sadistically turned into fantastically deformed freaks. When a destitute ("Huh...Huh...Huh...He said destitute...") mother is forced to leave her newborn son at this house of unimaginable horror and returns many years lafter to reclaim him, the utterly EVII, secret of Mojo County is revealed. IIBE WARNEDII This book contains graphic scenes never intended for those weak of stornachill

GHOUL LASH #1 by Nikki (A5 28pages \$2 pp e-mail: rappauer@hotmail.com)

Nikit's first combt were published way back in *SP#1-3*, after which she mysteriously vanished, only now to reappear with her own comic. Just out is *GL#2* which features a vampine story that *doesn't* suck (no pun intended), Nikit's Nazi dad, the truth about old ladies (this one made *me* feel sick!) and a short tale of insatiable sadism. With just her second issue, Nikit has produced one of the most impressive mints t've seen. Highly recommended.

EXWHO DOES SHE THINK SHE IS? #1 by Miss Maria (A5 28 pages \$2 pp 1a Munni Street Newtown NSW 2042)

It's really great to see more and more girls coming out with their own combt, especially since up until a year or so ago there didn't seem to be any. What makes Miss Maria's combt different is that most of 'em rhyme (see her strip in this issue...) – check this from "Nice Girls"...
"I wanna be a nice girl - I wanna wear parityhose – and when I menstruate – I wont the blood to smell like rose". Art-wise, expect to find scratchy, grungy depictions of girls uninoting, fish protruding from female genitralia, pussy-shaving, bloody tampons etc... You guessed it, this is my kind of comic!

EIGRISTIE FERN #5 - BACK IN (BADLY PRINTED) BLACK BY David Puckeridge (A5 40 pages \$2 pp PO Box 68 Mt Druitt NSW 2770)

The proboscus-obsessed Mr Puckeridge returns with more surreal tales of unrequited love, school vandalism and his own baked bean obsession (which, it seems, I initiated). David's art has never looked snappler, follow, and just dig that crazy AC/DC 'Back in Black' styled cover! Like, wow!!

WEIRDOES WORLD #3 by Troy Mingramm (A5 24 pages \$2 pp Corny Carloons 48 Grandview Paradle Carlngbah NSW 2229)

It's been two years since Troy's last comic and he admits that a lot of things have changed... "Welrades Warld now has a caraboard cover and I recently got public halts!" This issue picks up from the last where Jeffrey the Pussface was stabbed to death by Sammy the Circumsiser. An undertaker arrives on the scene and is horrified at the absence of grief displayed by the rabbit guy and his pats. In fact, the rabbit just wants to show his buddles his new toothbrush. Troy's clotogue is surely the funniest in the biz and his backgrounds are truly unique, as simple as they are. What else can I say but I dig the hell outta Troy's comb; and maybe you will, too.

BETTY PAGINATED #18 by Dann Lennard (A4 48 pages \$3 pp PO Box A1412 Sydney South NSW 1235 or e-mail: danhelen@idx.com.au)

Much more than simply a zine for your more literate yobbo, Betty Paginated is the journal of one man and his obsessions. Dann leads us by the hand into his world; a world of silicone and sweat; a world of tits and tattooed tough-guys. In this issue you get an interview with porn stariet Jenna Jameson; (nalked) Women of Wrestling; the ugly, true Betty Page story (which damn near crushed poor old Dann...); and a great plece by Helen on being surrounded by Penthouse Pets, along with the usual reviews of music, combs, wrestling, girls on the net, movies and various other near bits and pleces. If your experience with zines ends with those messy, badly-written, "I'm-more-hardcore-than-you!" punk zines then check BP out because as far as design/layout goes, it's one of the best. Recommended.

\$AVAGE WHITE TRASH #1 by Mitch Helium (A5 20 pages \$2 pp PO Box 331 Blaxland NSW 2774)

"Shocking! Brutal! Frank!" screams the covert in fact SWT is yet another Answer Mei-styled zine; a hate zine. In this debut issue we're treated to such rants as "Why I'd Kill You It!! Could be Bothered", "You And Your Fucking Aliens" and "Meat is Bad For Your Curit". There's even "Confessions of a Snowdropper" (a snowdropper being a clothesialie thiel) and some nasty atrovings (think 'serial killer art') by an ex-con Nitch met in a local pub. Yeah, this shit is nasty all right, and will no doubt find it's way to all those Jim Good/Mike Diana fans out there.

SHAFT'S BIG SCORE #2 by Phil (A4 40 pages \$2 pp 118 Chapel Street Marrickville NSW 2204 or e-mail: sbszine@hotmail.com)

Although lacking the highly polished design and layout sensibilities of the publication you are now reading (uh-huh...), \$85 scores substantial brownie points by featuring an expose on Nutrasweet (scary shift right there), reader's cop stories (especially the one about the lardarse pig who couldn't make it up 4 steps), a critical look at the straightedge scene ("Yeah, what gives with those wussles?") along with music and comix reviews plus some (meat-o comix. This zine is political all right, but Phil doesn't take himself too seriously, which sure is refreshing. Check if out, honcho.









GRISTLE FERN #5

